

# Romance and John Smith

The Romanticist sighed deeply and pushed back from a very white forehead, two tiny tendrils of golden hair. Now the Romanticist was very young and extremely pretty—and bore the name of Patricia Millicent Lovering that in itself was enough to make her romantic.

"It's no use, Polly," she said disconsolately. "I shall never meet a man who is my ideal—and I shall never marry one who is not. I should have lived centuries ago when knights in silken hose and doublets wooed their ladies by the light of the moon and sang serenades beneath their windows."

Polly Melson laughed a melodious infectious laugh. "For my part," she said, "I prefer something more substantial than moonlight serenades and if Harry ever attempted to break my beauty slumbers by any vocal selections, I'd be sorely tempted to empty the contents of the water pitcher on his head."

Patricia sniffed. "You haven't one particle of romance in you," she said, "the man I marry must be tall and handsome, and he must write poetry to me. I don't want one of those prosaic, cut and dried business men; my ideal must be above the sordidness of money making."

"And father will foot the bills," Polly interrupted maliciously. Patricia arose with dignity. "Polly," she said, sternly, "it isn't your fault that you can't understand me. You can't appreciate anything beautiful. Perhaps it's best you don't mind being engaged to a man by the name of Harry Malster!" and with that parting thrust she left the room.

"Jealous!" Polly cried after her, "but you wait—I'll get even with you." Polly looked up from her perusal of the morning's mail with a smile. "Harry says that he and a friend of his will be here on the evening train to spend the week end," she announced.

"And who is the friend?" inquired Patricia, not without interest. "Polly's eyes twinkled mischievously. 'The friend's name is Smith,' she answered."

Patricia made a charming moue. "That is enough," she said, "my interest has completely vanished." "Polly ignored her remark and picked up the letter. "Smith used to go to college with me," she read aloud, "and he's a fine fellow. When his father died, they found that all their property had been lost on speculations, and the poor chap had to get out and hustle. He's one of the smartest lawyers in the city now, and as a fine practice—but he's worked so hard that he needs a change. So I'm taking the liberty, Pol, of bringing him down to your home for over Sunday—because I want you to meet him. Please tell Pat not to try any of her frigid stunts about him—because he's too nice a fellow to be caught with those eyes of hers and then be thrown down flat."

"Indeed," interrupted Patricia, with some sarcasm, "my dear cousin Harry uses fine language. You may tell my dear cousin for me that 'Pat' will leave his unusual friend quite alone."

Polly returned the letter in the envelope before replying. Then, "Come on, Patsy," she said, "let's go for a ride. We'll both feel better."

Patricia did not drive to the station that night with Polly, but it might be remarked that she spent an unusually long time that evening upon her toilet. When the carriage drove up she went out on the portico to meet them. No one could call Jack Smith a handsome man, but there was something fine about this tall, clean, well-built fellow.

"There's no danger of your forgetting my name, Miss Lovering," he said after the introduction. "Just an ordinary John Smith." And he took her hand and then turned to Polly. He did not stare at her and was as calm as most of her infatuated admirers did, but rather he treated her as he would a child. He took her into dinner that night, but he hardly noticed her, but rather spent most of the time talking with Harry. Polly's father, of wheat corners and building up stock; things that Patricia knew nothing about.

As Polly and she went to their rooms to get their wraps (they were to ride over to the Country Club), Patricia remarked with elaborate carelessness: "Your friend—er—Smith, as well as being horry commonplace, is sadly deficient in manners. He did not even treat me civilly."

"Didn't he?" said Polly airily: "well, did him that you didn't wish to have to do with him?" "Polly!" gasped Patricia, "you never told him that!"

"Why, certainly I did," said Polly innocently, "you did say that, didn't you?" And she rushed from the room.

Harry and Polly occupied the front seat, and Mr. Smith and Patricia the rear seat in the tonneau, on the way to the club dance. Neither of them had spoken for fully twenty minutes. Patricia, huddled in one corner, studied the stern face of the man at her side. She noted the rare jaw and the somewhat weary expression in his tired eyes. Yet everything about him denoted strength and power. This was not a handsome god, she thought, but a man every sense of the word. She smiled softly and he turned.

"I trust I am not annoying you, Miss Lovering," he said courteously. "Please do not think I am trying to force myself upon you."

Patricia bit her lip. "No," she said bitterly, "you are not annoying me." How she would have loved to have boxed the little pink ears of Polly Melrose—and how she would love to box her own. She stole a timid glance at the man beside her—but he was not looking at her. What a little beast she was, she thought; she was even worse than that—she was a senseless little fool! She longed to say something to him—apologize, if need be—but the words stuck in her throat, and before she realized it the light of the club house loomed in sight. She did not see him again until the supper dance, and then he came up to her and asked if he might have it. Patricia was surprised at herself for accepting so readily. After their dance (and Patricia was forced to admit that he was a splendid dancer) they strolled out on the brilliantly lighted grounds. Neither spoke for a few minutes. Then—

"Mr. Smith," said Patricia, brokenly, "I want to apologize to you." The man turned and regarded her steadily. "There is no need for it, Miss Lovering," he said slowly, "if you are doing it to spare my feelings." "But I'm not," she said hastily; "I'm doing it to spare my own. I've been very foolish, and I'm very sorry that I said such a thing."

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Jack Smith laughed harshly. "Are you sure you did not mean it?" he asked.

The girl bent her head. "I am quite sure," she said.

They had reached a deserted part of the garden and the man turned and caught her almost roughly by the shoulders. "Do you believe in love at first sight?" he asked hoarsely.

Patricia swallowed hard. "Sometimes," she acknowledged.

"Well, I love you," he said briefly, "and I've got to get back to the city on business in the morning—so I want to know if there is any chance for me?"

Patricia gasped. "But—" "Never mind that, dear," he said, "will you marry me?" Patricia smiled. "Yes," she said, "I will."

It was not until they were returning home that night that Jack Smith leaned forward and told Polly. "I'm so glad, Pat," Polly laughed, kissing her, "but I can't imagine it." Patricia blushed divinely.

"You've got to admit, though, that the name of John Smith is a lot more common than that of Malster," laughed Polly.

"John Smith is the finest name in the world," said Patricia, stoutly, as she leaned back comfortably in the tonneau.

**THEY HUNT BY TELEPHONE.** Wires Used to Summon Sportsmen When Game is Sighted.

The rural telephone plays an important part in bird shooting in the prairie provinces of Canada. There is an abundance of geese, ducks and prairie chicken in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and the shooting is good clear up to the limits of the cities.

Let a flock of geese be sighted on its way south from the breeding grounds on the shores of Hudson Bay, or up the Yukon, or on its return north in the spring, and the telephone is brought into play to summon sportsmen for twenty miles around. The birds make overnight stops wherever they find water and the gunners spend most of the night in preparation.

They dig holes deep enough to conceal man and set decoys about thirty yards away. Experienced hunters will wait until the flock is passing and then shoot into the flock from behind. It has been shown that shot is more effective this way than when the attack is made from the front.

The windier the day the better, for then the geese fly low. Most geese are shot when flying less than forty yards from the ground.

**Hub of German Empire.** Unter den Linden is the centre spot of Berlin and the hub of the German Empire. This magnificent boulevard is 198 feet in width, and under the shade of its lime trees the Berliners have a meeting-place which is equal in architectural beauty to any in Europe. It is lined on either side with magnificent hotels, restaurants, and palaces. At the east end of Unter den Linden, where it enters upon the Opera House Platz, stands the magnificent monument of Frederick the Great, which is worthy of the real founder of United Germany. To the right of this monument is the palace of the Emperor William I, now occupied by Prince Heinrich. The north side of the Opera Platz is occupied by the buildings of the University of Berlin, and next to it stands the Royal Library, which rivals that at the British Museum both in its size and the number of volumes it contains. The opera house itself is on the south of the platz, and is a building worthy of a nation of music-lovers like the Germans.

**The Mechanical Analyses.** Dr. Giles, professor of Chinese at Cambridge, has recently discovered in the dynastic histories of China a complete specification of the mechanism of a Chinese taxicab. They are first mentioned under the Chin dynasty, A. D. 265-419. From that time down to the middle of the fourteenth century frequent allusions to such vehicles, known as the "measure mile drum chariots," are to be found. At each wheel, or Chinese mile, which is about one-third of an English mile, a drum was struck, while at every tenth it a bell was rung.

# WHY DO PEOPLE FAIL IN BUSINESS

### Insufficient Amount of Capital the Chief Cause of Failure for Many

### LACK OF EXPERIENCE COMES NEXT

### Men Just Will Not Be Conservative for the Reason that All Aspire to Financial Independence and Are Willing to Take a Chance.

Why do people lose money in Wall street and in State street? For the same reason that they lose money outside of Wall street and State street. Ethical considerations are neither more nor less regarded in Wall street than elsewhere, but the public that goes to Wall street there with different intentions and from different motives than actuate the people who go to the bakeries, the grocery stores, the department stores and the shoe shops. If people wish to be buncoed they do not have to go to Wall street; likewise, if they wish to be buncoed in Boston they do not have to go to State street. There are crooks there and there are crooks also up town and out-of-town, and when we analyze the stories of the victims of the stock market that are so luridly pictured in the Saturday Evening Post, and other magazines, we think this: People lose money in Wall street and State street chiefly because of insufficient capital and ignorance.

Bradstreet's report of commercial failures in the United States in 1908 shows that thirty-four and two-tenths per cent. resulted from lack of capital, and twenty-one and six-tenths per cent. from incompetence. We have these figures before us, therefore we infer that the rest of the failures were caused by disaster, fraud, inexperience, neglect, unwise credits, competition, failures of others, extravagance and speculation. Bradstreet's report shows that only one per cent. of failures resulted from speculation.

Has it ever occurred to anyone that more than one per cent. of our merchants must have speculated, but were successful probably because they were intelligent? Competition, notwithstanding the era of trusts and combinations, bankrupted only eighteen out of a thousand, according to the same report. The failures resulting from disaster—circumstances beyond the control of the business man—were only about twenty per cent. We thus find that approximately eighty per cent. of the bankrupts failed because they did not know how to run their own business, and the principal item was lack of capital.

It is exactly the same in Wall street and State street, only, instead of insufficient capital they call it "overtrading," or "shoestring margins." Now, what makes men overtrade? The answer is greed. How are we to force men, merchants and speculators to become conservative and cautious as well as intelligent? Every man aspires to financial independence, to being his own master, to being masters of others, to going into business for himself. Does the study of Bradstreet's or Dun's pathetic reports of the causes of business failure deter him from going on because so many others have failed? These problems which are here so crudely set forth are as old as civilization, and even if losses by gamblers could be prevented, how about speculation?

We pause for a reply and we think we shall be still awaiting a reply when the angel Gabriel calls.

**Old Time Sea Food.** A glance at the fish shops to-day arouses the reflection that one could have fasted with far more variety in the Middle Ages. Where is now the whale of yesterday, that was roasted and served up on the spit, or boiled with peas, the tongue and tail being the choicest parts? The porpoise, too, was a royal dish, roasted whole and eaten with mustard, when Henry VII. was King, and so was the grampus or sea-wolf. The lamprey, after its one dramatic and regal performance, seems to have lost its popularity; and nobody nowadays is anxious to eat the limpet. Many fish, however, seem to have endured throughout the ages, such as the sprat and herring, eaten especially in Lent; the oyster (officially a fish), cooked in wine for breakfast; and the anchovy, sternly anathematized by old Tobias Venner in 1620 as "food for drunkards."

**1,100 Miles of Wire Netting.** Large orders for wire netting have been placed with a Norwich firm, the total running to 1,100 miles length of this protection against the rabbit pest. The netting is made 42 inches wide, with 1 1/4 inch mesh at the bottom and 1 1/2 inch mesh at the top, this weave of netting being a patent held by this firm. The order now in hand is for 300 miles of this netting for the Queensland Government, which follows on a similar order for the Victorian Government, and the firm has also dispatched 500 miles of wire netting to New South Wales. In each case the Government is the initial purchaser, and then retails the netting to the settlers, who fix it around their holdings and thus keep out the rabbits, without which their crops would be devastated.

Line from Port Said to Cairo, Where Sand is Much Worse Than Snow.

We came down from Port Said to Cairo by railroad, a journey of six hours. The first half was over the finest railway you ever saw—a little narrow gauge built by the canal company as an aid to construction. Its original purpose was to haul away the dirt that was taken out of the ditch and dump it on the desert; then it was used to transport supplies from one point on the canal to another, and finally, when Port Said became a great port of entry for passengers, the rails were relaid, the track was ballasted, and diminutive trains were put on, hauled by locomotives that look like toys, but do their business promptly and well.

This line runs the entire length of the canal, which is 87 miles, parallel with the bank, and belongs to the canal company. Recently the Egyptian government has made an arrangement so that the track will be widened to a standard gauge, and hereafter through trains can be run from one end of Egypt to the other.

Nowadays passengers between Cairo and points along the canal have to change at Ismailia, the halfway station on lake Timsah and the chief port of the canal. Rails and iron ties are stacked up on both sides of the track the entire distance between Port Said and Ismailia, and thousands of men are at work on construction.

It is comparatively easy to build a railway in this section of Egypt, because there are no rains, no frosts, no rocks, no grade, no curves and no obstructions but hillocks and sand. At the same time the drifting of this sand is continuous and compels the railway managers to keep gangs of men constantly at work shoveling it off the right of way.

It is even worse than the snow in the northern latitudes of the United States. The railroads in the southwestern territories of our country have similar difficulties. In fact, there is as much resemblance between deserts as there is between peach orchards, and a gentleman from the Death valley of Southern California would feel quite at home on the Lybian sands.—Cairo letter in Chicago Record-Herald.

**Cabby's Long Journey to Collect Fare.** A story is told to-day of a Paris cabman who, it is alleged, followed an authentic English lord in the train to Calais, leaving his horse and cab outside the Gare du Nord terminus. The lord took the cab at his hotel, and told the driver to go as quickly as possible to the station for the Calais express.

At the terminus the nobleman tendered the cabman a 100-franc note, which the Jehu could not change. "Wait a bit," said his lordship, "I'll pay you at the ticket office."

Cabby went with the nobleman into the station, but when the ticket was taken the lord, hearing the words, "Express Calais, en voiture!" rushed wildly to his carriage, followed by the driver.

Lord Blank had only just time to take his seat when the train started, and cabby, who had also entered the express, was whirled away to Calais town. En route he was paid by the nobleman, who also defrayed the Jehu's journey to the north and back. On returning to Paris cabby found that his horse and vehicle were impounded.—London Daily Telegraph.

**Birds Without Wings and Tails.** In New Zealand is found the Kiwi, a strange bird of the ostrich family. Ostriches have two toes, but the extinct moas had three toes; so also have the existing emus, cassowaries and rheas or South American ostriches. The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthious birds in having four toes. Further, the kiwi cannot be said to be quite ostrichlike, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barnyard fowl. It has a small head, with a large and muscular neck and a long, slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are placed very close to its tip. The legs are short but the muscles on the thighs are well developed and the feet are strong and powerful and provided with sharp claws. It is a bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow, hairlike feathers, and on the fore part of the head and sides of the face are straggling hairlike feelers.

**A Coiffeur of Other Days.** The belle of ancient India wore her hair tied by a jewelled band two or three inches back of her head and then braided into an enormous ball two-thirds the size of her head.

**Grows Needles and Thread.** The Mexican maguey tree furnishes a needle and thread all ready for use. At the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be carefully drawn from its sheath, at the same time it slowly unwinds the thread, a strong smooth fibre attached to the needle and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

**Diphtheria Spread by School Books.** Dr. W. H. Fisher, the medical officer of health to the Walsingham District Council, in his annual report traces an outbreak of diphtheria which occurred in the Raynham district to a batch of school books that had not been disinfected after a similar epidemic about six months previously. This time the schools were closed, the premises thoroughly disinfected and sprayed, and all the books in use at one school in which the disease originated destroyed.

**Cures for Rheumatism.** In the midland counties of England it was formerly considered that the left forefoot of a sage hare, worn or carried constantly in the pocket, was an amulet against rheumatism. The Dutch peasantry cherished a belief in the preservative virtues of a borrowed or stolen potato. As a remedy a young maid in the village of Stanton in the Cotswolds contrived to be confirmed three times, believing that confirmation was an unfailing cure for rheumatism.

**Blaming the Women.** Against whom are we to charge the social distinctions that now curse the circles of Protestantism in this country, if not against the women? Men are naturally democratic. Left to themselves they seldom draw sharp social lines or insist upon conventional distinctions. What do we find in the one sphere where they are supreme—the political world? How much class distinction exists there? Not so with women. They are more gregarious, but at the same time more conventional. Is not fashion their standing incrimination at this bar? If rich, they are the more exclusive; if poor, the more sensitive. Social lines existing in the world without they have extended into the sacred inclosure of the church, until to-day there is no more conventional body among us than the well-to-do Christian church, declares John Balcom Shaw, D. D., in the Homiletic Review. "Nothing hurts us so much as this one condition, and for its existence I hold our women almost exclusively responsible. Let them only say the word, and mean it, and this state of affairs will be gone in a week."

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# QUEST FOR SECRET POISONS

### Amazing Evidence of the Depravity of Human Nature.

In England years ago there was a famous poisoning case in which the strong point of the defense was to show that the accused, who was an expert chemist, would not have used a poison that would be so easily found after it had been taken into the human system. Sir Robert Charleston, a professor in Edinburgh University and an authority on toxicology, whose works are still standard on that subject, was put on the stand to prove the point. He declared that a chemist would certainly use some poison that would leave no trace. The prosecuting attorneys asked him if he meant to say that there were such poisons to be had. Sir Robert replied in the affirmative. The prosecutor asked: "Will you kindly tell the court what they are?" "No," shouted the Judge, "I rule that question out and forbid you to answer."

In spite of protest the Judge would not allow the expert publicly to give the name of the poison which would leave no trace. During the next two years Sir Robert received more than four thousand letters from various parts of the world offering to pay fabulous sums for the receipt of the untraceable poison alluded to in his testimony. Many of these letters he kept as curiosities, showing them to his friends as evidence of the depravity of human nature.

Some of the excuses for wanting the name of the poison were ingenious. One of the writers desired the information that he might base a novel on a poison plot. He did not give the name of the poison in the book, but just wanted to have it that in case any scientific critic could deny the possibility of such poison he could send him the name in a private letter and quote the distinguished authority from whom it came, etc. Several persons professing to be studying chemistry asked the information on the ground of professional curiosity. Many pretended that they had wagered large sums that they would find out the poison in a given time, and they were willing to share their profits liberally with Sir Robert. Sir Robert was horrified at the number of persons all over the world who seemed so desirous of possessing the secret of an agent that would bring an end to any member of the human race but leave no trace.

**The Disinfected Veil is Here.** The "block system" veil is still a leading favorite, supposedly because it disguises the wearer in a rather puzzling and altogether alluring way. Square mesh is a protection to the plain woman who, safely ensconced behind it, may play the part of a supposed beauty. On the other hand, the good-looking woman contends that style of veil is one of her most successful charms. "It is quite true that women dress for other women," says one woman, "but the veil is a weapon directed entirely against man. There is nothing men like as well as a little mystery, and the opportunity to remove it. I can't think," she added, with a sly laugh, "what all these suffragettes are fussing about, when they can get all the power they want so easily. I suppose, however, they're above veils and other feminine enticements, and only care to fight those poor, dear men with their own weapons." A new idea in veils is the disinfected veil, treated by a chemical process which in no way changes the color or texture. They also have no odor, but any particle of dust or any impure air which may sift through the mesh becomes immediately disinfected.

**Why the Old Cow Changed Her Tune.** "Why are all those people flocking down to Hiram Hardapple's barn?" asked the old farmer on the hay wagon. "He's got a curiosity down there," chuckled the village constable. "That so? What kind of a curiosity is it?"

"Why, He's old red-and-white Jersey cow. The other night the old critter had the colic and I went down with his lantern to give her a dose of cow medicine. Blamed if he didn't make a mistake and give her a pint of gasoline."

"Do tell! Didn't kill her, did it?" "No, but by heck, it had a funny effect. Now, instead of going 'Moo, moo!' like any other sensible cow, she goes 'Honk, honk!' like one of them that blamed automobiles."

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# TO PROLONG LIFE.

When the vital forces begin to flag, the marks of age show themselves. Some men, being of an amiable, cheerful, and lively temperament, suppress these marks until well advanced in life, and are 29 years younger, both physically and mentally, than other men of the same age. We may take it, therefore, that old age does not begin at any fixed period so far as the divisions of time divide the periods of life, but is influenced by that subtle agent known as vital energy. The indications of old age are closely shown; the weight of years is manifested by the bent figure, the want of elasticity in the walk, the wrinkles in the cheeks and forehead. The typical healthy person who attains old age is spare of body, and old age emphasizes this fact by causing a paucity of adipose tissue. We note that a diminution of the physical energy is accompanied by a corresponding diminution of the power to eliminate waste material from the body. Elasticity and strength give place to hardness and dryness of nearly all the tissues of the body. The general health may be good, because there is a harmonious balance between the action of the nervous system and the circulatory system. Persons who have reached an advanced age may prolong their lives and greatly add to the comfort of their declining years by diminishing the quantity of food by taking it more frequently and in smaller amounts, and by partaking of only easily digested food, thereby avoiding too large a residue of waste matter.

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